

# Every Man Owes his Wife



A Modern  
**Glenwood**  
"Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

## THE GENUS COLLEGE BOY.

"A bad business."  
"What's the matter, Alec?"  
"My uncle writes me that my Cousin Lillian is coming to town for a week to do some shopping. He asks me to meet her at the station and show her some attention. I'm under great obligations to my uncle. Indeed, he is helping me through college. But what the dickens am I to do? I have three examinations coming on at the end of the week and know nothing about any one of the subjects. The only possible way for me to get through is to bone day and night. How can I do that and dance attendance upon a girl?"  
"Is your cousin pretty?"  
"I haven't seen her since she was a kid."

"How will you know her?"  
"She will carry a bunch of violets in her left hand."  
"Well, I will do the honors in your place if you like."  
"Dick Rathvon, shake! You are a joy forever."

When Miss Lillian Ayres alighted from the train the next afternoon she was met by a tall, imposing looking young man, who, seeing the signal violets, approached her and without the slightest hesitation saluted her with a courtly kiss.

"Why, how you have grown!" she exclaimed. "You're the only big one of the family."

"And how you have improved!" replied the young man. "I never would have supposed you would bloom into such a rare flower."

Several days passed, during which the young man gave his undivided attention to the girl, cutting lectures, chapel and any other college duty that stood in the way of his doing so. But one morning when his friend had been up all night cramming under the stimulus of strong coffee Rathvon appeared at his room and said:

"Alec, we're in a hole."  
"For heaven's sake, what is it?"  
"Her father's coming to take her home."

"Great Scott! What are we going to do?"  
"Leave it to me."

The next day Mr. Rathvon upon leaving Miss Ayres said:

"I have a confession to make."  
"What is it?"

"Since you have been here I should have been preparing for several important examinations. One of them comes off tomorrow morning. Fortunately your father will arrive then, and you will be provided for."

"Why, Alec, you should have told me this before."

"I couldn't."  
"Couldn't? Why not?"  
"I've so enjoyed going about with you."

"But your examinations?"  
"If I am plucked it will be in a good cause, a lovely cause."

"Heaven grant that you may not be." "Goodbye. Before I have got through with the struggle you will be gone."

There was a cousinly kiss, the twentieth in four days, and he was gone.

About 5 o'clock the next afternoon Alec Ayres entered his room after having passed the last of his term examinations. He found Dick Rathvon filling a pipe from a skull tobacco holder. Alec threw himself into a chair.

"Do you think they're gone?" he asked.

"The only through train went at 3."

"There's a day of reckoning coming for this."

"In the dim future. Don't borrow trouble. Take a pipe."

There was a knock on the door. Alec drew back the latch with a lazy stare, and in walked his uncle and his cousin.

"Poor Alec!" exclaimed Lillian, going over to Dick and laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Don't scold him, papa; he's been so nice to me."

"Hello, Alec, my boy!" said the uncle, grasping Alec's hand.

"Why, papa," interposed Lillian,

"What are you doing? Don't you know your own nephew? This is Alec."

No hole opened to let the two boys down into the cellar, where they would find have hidden themselves.

So each drew down under his coat collar and waited for the bolt to strike him. Mr. Ayres was not a stupid man. Indeed, he saw in a moment that some prank had been played.

"If that gentleman is Alec," he said, "I have been grossly imposed upon."

Lillian flushed red and white by turns.

"It's all up, Dick," said Alec. "We may as well confess. Uncle, Lillian, I have been having a terrible struggle with my examinations. This is my cousin, Dick Rathvon. He agreed to take care of you for me while I have been cramming night and day. He did it all out of kindness to me."

"No such thing," fired Dick. "I did it because I liked it."

Lillian stood petrified.

"Boys," said Mr. Ayres, "when I was in college I was a scapegrace. I return to find that scapegraces still inhabit college halls. We have in the community three divisions—men, women and students. The student is a class of himself—a genus, a species—just as the monkey is. He has always been so and will always be so. I don't know what this bit of rascality you have been practicing is. I came here to invite my nephew to dine with us this evening, but since I have two nephews I invite you both."

Miss Lillian swept out of the room with her nose in the air. But she felt better about it by dinner time.

A. B. SEARLE.

A Short Verse.

An Englishman named Thomas Thorp died, leaving his fortune to a poor relative on condition that a headstone, with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry, be erected over the grave. Costing so much a word to chisel letters on the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve, on account of their length, the lines

Here lies the corp  
Of Thomas Thorp  
The following was finally ordered and accepted:

Thorp's Corpse.

The Gingerbread Tree.

There is a species of palm, growing to a height of from twenty-five to thirty feet, in Egypt, Arabia, Abyssinia and Nubia which produces its fruit in long clusters, each containing from 100 to 200. These fruits are of an irregular form, of a rich yellowish brown color and are beautifully polished. In upper Egypt they form part of the food of the poorer classes of inhabitants, the part eaten being the fibrous, meaty husk, which tastes almost exactly like gingerbread, whence the popular name of gingerbread tree in Egypt. Hypophene thebica is the botanical name of this palm.

Are Women Less Honest Than Men?

"Are women less honest than men?" This palpitating question has become one of the great subjects of discussion in Paris, thanks to a symposium in La Revue.

There is not one dares openly to affirm that woman is dishonest. Anatole France, the master of contemporary French literature, questions whether man is so virtuous that he should desire to weigh himself in the balance against woman. And he speaks of masculine arrogance and ferocity and brutality. And so woman, according to the judgment of Paris, is not more dishonest than man. Whence sprang that legend that she was?—Paris Letter to Pall Mall Gazette.

Not a Flattering Promise.

"I will not leave this house," he declared, "until you promise to be my wife."

"Will you leave immediately if I promise?"

"Yes."

"All right, then; I do. Anything to get rid of you even for a little while."

—Minneapolis Journal.

## THE OLD SAIL DRILL.

Perils the Modern Warship Men Do Not Have to Face.

One of the dangers and one of the hardest tasks of the man-of-war's man vanished out of his life when, with the supplanting of the frigate by the steam cruiser, the old time sail drill became a thing of the past. Fleets in the old days were continually exercised in making and shortening sail, shifting topsails and other maneuvers aloft, says Captain J. W. Gambler of the British navy in his "Links in My Life."

As the greatest rivalry existed among the crews as to which ship should carry out the evolution first accidents were frequent. Hardly a drill day passed without men being seriously injured.

Once during a drill in Kiel harbor, where the rivalry in the fleet was increased by the eagerness of foreign ships to compete with the English, an unfortunate French midshipman went head first from the mainmast cross of the French flag to the deck.

That numbers of accidents should take place in sail drill was not astonishing when one remembers that spars measuring perhaps seventy or eighty feet long and weighing two or three tons were whisked about with bewildering speed without anything but men's hands and brains to guide them; hundreds of men crammed into a space of a few hundred square feet, where nothing but the most marvelous organization and discipline could avert death on deck or aloft.

To the landman, who understood nothing of the difficulty involved in rapidly shifting these great masts and yards or in reefing and furling thousands of square feet of stiff canvas—perhaps wet or half frozen—the rapidity with which it was done was perhaps the chief wonder.

Ropes, running like lightning through blocks that were instantly too hot from friction to be touched, had to be checked to within a few inches, requiring the utmost coolness and presence of mind, while the officer in command had to superintend what to the uninitiated looked like a tangled mass of cordage, but which was in reality no more in confusion than the threads in a loom.

In an instant this officer might see something going wrong. To delay a single second meant a terrible catastrophe. Every one, aloft and aloft, was relying on his judgment.

"Belay! Belay away!"

The order came in an instant. The boatswain's mates repeated it in a particular call which this life and death necessity soon taught every one to understand, the shrill whistles rising above the din of tramping feet and running ropes or the thunderous crash of the great sails in the wind. Death had been averted—or not. It not you looked up and saw some unfortunate man turning head over heels in the air. Your heart stood still. Would he catch hold of something, even if only to break his fall, or would he come tumbling on the deck? It was a mere toss of the coin. It was a mere toss of the coin.

He was killed outright. It generally stopped the drill for the day; if he was only seriously injured the drill went on, for this was part of the lesson that must be learned—that in peace, as in war, one must take his chances.

Saved by a Puncture.

"I am a swift runner," said the man who was telling a snake story, "and as I fled down the mountain I outdistanced the huge python that was so relentlessly pursuing me. But these creatures are cunning. To twist itself into the shape of a cart wheel was the work of a moment, and now the python had gained. Faster and faster it rolled down the steep incline. Then, bang! The serpent had struck a sharp, jagged rock and punctured. I was safe."—London Globe.

Smoothed the Sea.

A gentleman aboard a steamer running between Southampton and Blackpool approached one of the sailors during the passage and remarked to him:

"We have a very smooth sea this morning. It is like a sheet of glass. You don't always have it like this?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "but you see, they knowed as how you were coming today, so the authorities at Southampton telephoned to the corporation at Blackpool, and they at once ordered out the steam roller and rolled the sea down for the occasion. That is why it is so smooth."—London Tit-Bits.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gourd's Oriental Cream or Magic Beauty.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blemishes, Moth Patches, Blotches, and every blemish on beauty, and restores the complexion to its natural beauty. It has been used for years, and is so perfect in its action that it is recommended by the highest authorities in the world.

Madre Maratti, now da padre ees dead, Gotta work hard for make da bread. Tony ees sad for da padre, but steel Jus for da madre he tryin to feel happy as fat.

"Don't be scare, little madre," say he "I no die like dat."

I ain't gon' workin' at all, for, you see, You ain't got nobody left but me— Tony Maratti.

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

## DR. BULL IS DEAD

Succumbed to Cancer After Plucky Fight

TO CONQUER THE DISEASE

Was a Distinguished Surgeon Who Had Spent Much Time in the Study of the Disease That Killed Him.

Savannah, Ga., Feb. 23.—Dr. William T. Bull, the famous surgeon, who came here recently from New York, died at Wymberly, Isle of Hope, at noon yesterday.

William Tillinghast Bull was born in Newport, R. I., May 18, 1849. He graduated from Harvard in 1869, studied with Dr. Sands and at Bellevue hospital in New York, and then in Europe for two years. He began practice in New York in 1875, and continued as a surgeon in that city up to about six months ago, when cancer forced him to quit. He was one of the leading surgeons of the country and had made extended study of cancer, the disease which caused his own death. He went to Georgia about three weeks ago with the hope that the change would help his condition.

## TO REBUILD GALLINA WITH RED CROSS MONEY

Winthrop Chandler to Take Charge of the Relief Work.

Rome, Feb. 23.—Winthrop Chandler of Philadelphia has been sent south by Ambassador Griscom to take charge of the relief work for the earthquake sufferers at Gallina. He is accompanied by Prince Doria, Marquis Spinola, Count Scialoja, and Dr. Montecchiari, and will transform Gallina into a model town, with perfect sanitary arrangements.

The funds for this work are being provided by the American Red Cross society. The people of Gallina will be re-established in their various professions.

Naples, Feb. 23.—A quantity of lumber purchased here on behalf of the American Red Cross society has been shipped to Gallina.

## THE NO-BREAKFAST HABIT.

If One Must Skip a Meal, It Is Better to Go Without Lunch.

There are a surprising number of people who do not break their fast each day until luncheon time. To this abstemiousness they attribute wonderful health. To the devotees of the no-breakfast habit talk one could rival Methuselah if one could refrain from eating in the morning. To eat or not to eat is, or should be, a personal matter; but the nonbreakfasters do not see it that way. They are not content unless all the world goes breakfastless, too. They rub in their theories to boredom. A man of woman should no more go without breakfast save by the advice of a physician than he or she should stop eating altogether.

Undoubtedly there are many with whom the practice agrees, but there are more who could not stand it at all. To advise the workman to go hungry until he could open his eyes at noon would be to lay up for him seeds of ill health. His active life demands nourishment before starting to work. In the same way a girl who must sit in an office all day makes a mistake in starting forth without a substantial breakfast; to eat none at all means a headache and a half-sick morning for most women.

"But," says the nonbreakfaster, "you can get used to going without food!" Possibly you can, but why should you? The average wage earner cannot afford to pay for a heavy luncheon down town, and to make the usual sandwich or sundae or slice of pie do duty until the late dinner is fully on the face of it.

Rather than go without breakfast it is well for the worker to eat one that is fairly substantial. The favorite continental breakfast is well enough for the woman of leisure, but the worker should train herself to take more than strong coffee and a roll. Fruit, cereal, an egg and a glass of milk is none too much for the woman who must use her brain or body under nerve-trying circumstances. Far better is it for the worker to go without luncheon if she must skip a meal than not to make a good start in the morning. It costs her less both in money and tissue-building power.—New York Times.

Married 60 Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel G. Fish, Well Known Rutland People.

Rutland, Feb. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Lionel G. Fish of Engren avenue received the congratulations of a few of their friends at the home yesterday in observance of the 60th anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Fish is 82 years of age and Mrs. Fish is 79, both being in fine health. In the morning Mr. Fish drove into the forest and brought a load of wood to the city. He is best known to people of Rutland county because of the great many parties he has taken to Mount Killington during the last 25 years.

You can make richer, more fragrant, more delicious tea, if you use "Salada." One teaspoonful makes two cups. Use absolutely boiling water, steep five minutes.

Snow Covered Body.

Toronto Suicide Thought to Be a New York Man.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 23.—The body of a man thought to be G. or E. Parker of New York City, has been found in this city with a bullet wound in the mouth extending to the brain. He had evidently shot himself last week, the body being buried in the heavy snowfall. Indications pointed to his having been fairly well off. He left a note addressed to the coroner, saying: "Too much sickness which cannot stand any longer."

There's Nothing Better For Coughs and Colds than Hale's Honey of Borehound and Tar.

DON'T WALK THE FLOOR USE PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS

The man to whom you owe money never rests.—Atchison Globe.

## TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of glycerine with a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight whiskey. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

## USES ARSON AS MEANS TO GET FARM BARGAINS

Two Boys Say Aged Man Paid Them for Fires.

Brookville, Pa., Feb. 23.—Charged with arson, J. A. Timblin, seventy-eight years of age; J. A. Latehaw, seventeen, and Charles Schreckengost, eighteen, were arrested late Saturday night by state police. The two boys are said to have confessed to burning seven buildings in the last two months near Hawthorne, this county, alleging that they did so at the instance of Timblin.

His motive is said to have been the depreciation of property so that he could pick up some bargains in farm property. Rewards aggregating \$1,200 had been offered for the conviction of the firebugs.

## A GREEN OLD AGE.

Enjoyed by a Very Old Tree by the Mississippi.

The most ancient living thing on earth is a tree. Exactly where that tree stands is a mooted question, but there have been investigations enough to investigate the various claims, and we can probably arrive at a pretty exact result by a few comparisons.

Recently somebody has put forth the claim of the so-called "Old Green Tree of the Mississippi Valley," which stands near the river in LeClaire, Mo. Its trunk is more than one hundred feet in circumference and its branches shade a circle of more than three hundred feet.

It was an ancient tree when the first white man stood under its branches, and has a place in the traditions of the Indian tribes of the Mississippi Valley dating back long, long before the first white face was seen on the shores of the Western World.

There are certain yews in England that were stalwart trees when Caesar landed on her shores. More than a century ago a scientist named Decandolle proved to the satisfaction of botanists that a certain yew standing in the churchyard of Yortling, Yorkshire, was more than 2500 years old, and he found another at Hedor, in Buelas, which was 3240 years old at that time.

Humboldt refers to a gigantic baobab tree in Central Africa as the oldest organic monument in the world. This tree had a trunk twenty-nine feet in diameter, and Adams, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived for not less than 5150 years—and it lives today. But even Humboldt was wrong in his premise. It has recently been proved that there is a tree in the New World which, of a verity, has lived to "a green old age," for it antedates the scriptural flood about two thousand years.

This is a cypress tree standing in the Province of Chupatpec, Mexico, with a trunk 118 feet 10 inches in circumference. This has been shown to be (as conclusively as these things can be shown), about 6250 years old. Nor is this remarkable when one stops to think that, given favorable conditions for its growth and sustenance, the average tree will never die of old age. Its death is merely an accident. Other younger and more vigorous trees may spring up near it, and rob its roots of their proper nourishment; insects may kill it; floods or winds may sweep it away, or the woodman's axe may fell it. If no such accident happens to it a tree may flourish and grow for centuries upon centuries and age upon age.—New York Times.

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## TIRING OUT THE STAG

A "Deer Take" in England's Oldest Deer Park

HOUSED UNTIL HE GASPS

The Game Animal Is Mercilessly Driven Hither and Yon, Through Lake and Wood, Until He Falls Exhausted, Though Undaunted.

Parts of certain great parks in England, such as Eridge park, the oldest deer park in the kingdom, are kept practically wild in their original forest state, while near to the castle is the cultivated home park. Eridge park contains 3,000 acres and is the only estate in England, with one exception, where deer taking with hounds is still carried on. Eridge park once formed part of the royal chase. It still retains the wild beauty it then had, although there are more than seventy miles of lovely drives in it, not counting those of the home park.

Deer taking is entirely different from deer hunting. The object is to take the animals alive so that they may be transferred to the home park to be fattened and eventually turned into venison.

The sport is by no means as tame as it sounds. A seven to nine year old red deer is an awkward customer to tackle. He is powerful, agile and well armed with antlers and hoofs.

When there is to be a deer taking at Eridge park the meet is planned for 11 o'clock at the park keeper's house. The underkeepers, with fresh hounds, are scattered through the park to head off the stag should he come their way.

The underkeepers having spread themselves over the park, the park keeper, with the "field" (those following mounted and on foot) set off to find a deer which looks ready for fattening purposes. Having selected one, it is the work of the keeper to get him separated from the rest and then to slip his hound and set after him as hard as we can gallop. The pace, of course, is tremendous, and as rabbit holes abound the risk of a fall is even bettering or, rather, a trifle of odds on the certainty of our "taking a toss."

As our deer bounds away with his wonderfully easy, elastic movements he makes for the wildest part of the park, expecting to escape his pursuers.

In one place after another he is met with hidden keepers and fresh hounds, still with the instinct of his species he turns to what he thinks is his sanctuary—the lakes. With open mouth and tongue outstretched he plunges a good fifteen feet into the water and swims for the opposite bank. Gasping and tiring, he lands on what he hopes is freedom from his pursuers. But, alas, no! Yet another fresh hound is after him. What can he do? He is too pumped with his already hard burst to face the hill before him.

He turns around and tears down through the bracken with a bound on each side of him, ready to pull him down if they get but half a chance. It is a dingdong race, under trees, through bogs and bracken, up and down dells and breaks, swashing headlong through everything, anything, to reach the shelter of the friendly water once again. With a mighty spring he is in again. For a moment there is breathing space, for now the keepers and hounds, yet some way off, are making for the poor beast, which is in the middle of the lake. Away he swims with graceful movement of his noble head, glancing all around at his pursuers, but with his mind fixed on his line of retreat. He reaches the shore, and, with dripping sides, he is out upon the bank.

Again he makes an effort to baffle and leave behind those clinging hounds that would bear him down. And now two great hounds are stretching themselves out to their utmost pace. Side by side they race after their prize quarry; in another minute they will have him. The stag, however, manages to make a spurt, though he is now stiffening rapidly, and just reaches some park pailings surrounding the big lake.

In an instant he has turned on his pursuers, and with head down and upraised fore leg he is prepared to fight to the death. A hound rushes in, but in a twinkling he is on his back, hurled away like a piece of wood. This checks the other hound, which dodges and bays around the stag. Seeing that things are now getting a bit too warm for him, the stag suddenly turns round and, smashing the pailings like match wood, finds himself again in the icy water of the big lake. Away and away he swims, up this long stretch, the water seeming to revive him, for he swims the eastern length, three-quarters of a mile, and then lands at the far end while he follows on the shore. He swims till his feet touch the ground and stands facing us.

All we can do now is to end the situation as speedily as possible. A keeper deftly throws a rope with a loose knot over the stag's antlers. In a moment four burly keepers are hauling him out by the ropes. It is now a slow march to his feeding ground in the home park. Slowly the procession moves, never a slackening of the rope & the hold on the antlers. Through the gate dividing the parks he is brought, an unwilling prisoner, though undaunted. This ends the deer taking.—Town and Country.

The man to whom you owe money never rests.—Atchison Globe.

## IF YOU NEED MORE STRENGTH

Try the Tonic Treatment for Debility That Cured This Man at Keene.

When the blood becomes thin all of the organs and tissues of the body suffer from lack of nourishment, for it is the blood that is constantly carrying to every part of the human system the materials with which to repair the waste that is going on throughout life. Naturally the weakest organ is the first to show the result of this blood starvation and any inherited tendency to disease is then likely to develop. Whatever it may be, if the trouble is caused by lack of blood it must be corrected by building up the blood.

Mr. F. J. Patnode, of No. 95 Douglas street, Keene, N. H., owes his present health to this treatment. "I suffered for a year and a half," he says, "although I was treated by a doctor here and tried one in Winchester. I had a buzzing in my head, was pale and weak and had to use a cane. I lost about thirty-five pounds and looked like a walking skeleton. There was a gnawing feeling in my stomach and I could eat very little. I thought I could not live and at times I even wished for death."

"My attention was called one day to an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and when I had given them a trial for a week or two I began to feel better. I continued to use them and in a reasonably short time felt as good as I ever did. Our whole family has great faith in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is successful because it acts directly on the blood, purifying and building it up to its normal health. It thereby keeps the body healthy even under unusual conditions.

A booklet "Diseases of the Blood," showing what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished in many severe disorders will be sent free upon request.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 30 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.00, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. The pills are guaranteed to be safe and absolutely harmless to the most delicate constitution